That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a railing wife,
Worſe then a ſmoky houſe. I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlike in a Windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he is a worthy Gentleman,
Exceedingly well read and profited
In ſtrange concealments, valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: ſhall I tell you, cooſen,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither haue done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience:
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, bloud,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of maners, want of gouernment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, hanting a noble man,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, good maners be your ſpeed,
Here come our wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,

Shee'le

Shee'le be a ſouldier too, ſhee'le to the wars.
Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt Pe
Shal follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. Shee is deſperate here,
A peeuiſh ſelfe wilde harlotrie, one that no perſwaſion ca
good vpon.

The Ladie ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prettie Welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame
In ſuch a parley ſhould *I* anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But *I* will neuer be a truant loue,
Till *I* haue learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweet as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a ſummers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her Lute.
Glen. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, *I* am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you dow
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe,
Making ſuch difference twixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart, ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe muſicions that ſhall play to yo
Hang in the aire a thouſand leagues from hence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend,